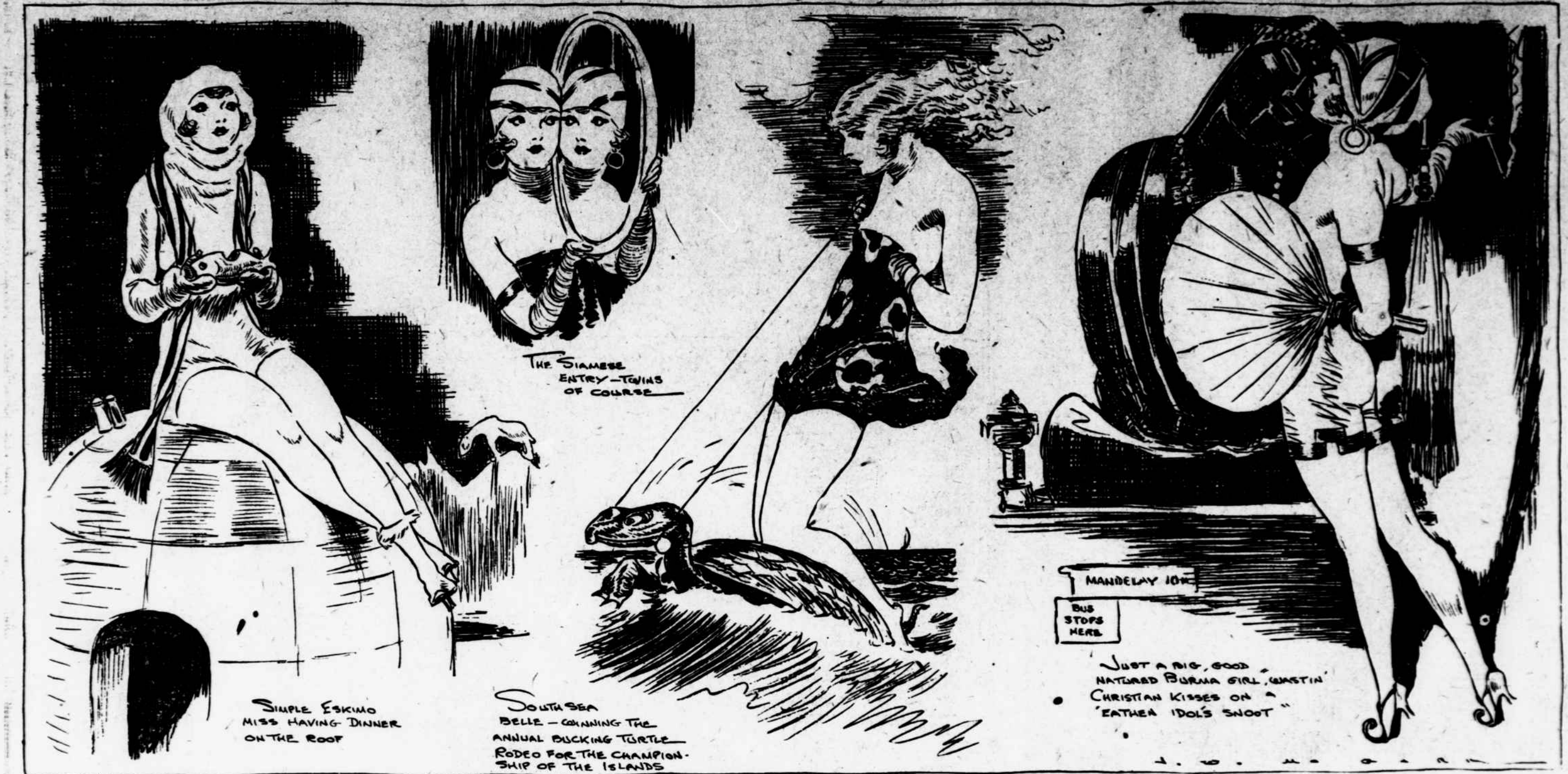


MANUAL TRAINERS LOSE IN FIRST START OF SEASON TO FORMER HIGH STARS

CONGRESS OF NATIONS—A BEAUTY CONTEST IN WHICH KAYO TORTONI WILL TAKE CARE OF ALL PRINCIPAL ROLES By M'GURK



ALUMNI BEATS TECH HIGH IN FAST GAME

Stars of Last Year's Outfit Uncork Late Rally in Winning Light Scoring Duel.

WITH THREE of last year's stars in the line-up, Tech High alumni team defeated this year's hopefuls in a low-scoring game in the Y. M. C. A. gym last night, 17 to 14.

It was a nip and tuck game all the way and was not decided until the final quarter when the Alumni courtmen counted three field baskets in succession.

Coach Apple's green material made a good showing, considering that it was their first time under fire. Line up and summary:

Alumni: Tech: House Forward Booth Whyte Forward Booth Supple Center Thiele Shanks Guard Gooch Joyner Substitutes: Tech—Lee for Booth; Rhee for Thiele; Zahn for Gooch; Gooch for Lee; Murray for Gooch; Thiele for Rhee; Field goals—House, 6; Whyte, Supple, Joyner, Booth, Boyd, Thiele, Gooch, Rhee, Woodward, Foul goals—Joyner (1 out of 2), Boyd (2 out of 3).

Referee—Murray. Timekeeper—Moseman. Score—Ford.

Say It With Sails
During Next Summer
NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—The Duke of Leinster and Commodore William Washburn Nutting, F. R. G. S., are determined to race in small yachts across the Atlantic ocean next summer, starting the dangerous contest in June or July.

The prospective finishing points are Queenstown or Cowes and it was stated that there will be no technicalities or intricate rules governing the test, which both yachtsmen regard as a thoroughly sporting venture. It will not be a publicity stunt or scientific demonstration, they emphasize.

The Duke reached here last Monday on the Baltic—a vessel in ridiculous contrast to the craft he will command in the race. He has had a few meetings since his arrival to discuss the contest with Commodore Nutting.

The SPORTLIGHT

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PURELY PERSONAL.
GEORGE OWEN, one of Harvard's greatest stars, exceptional athlete, exceptional student and exceptional character, is to graduate without knowing football defeat by Yale in his three seasons of play. He scored both touchdowns made against the Blue, and was a mighty factor all three seasons in Yale's defeat. Owen is one of the finest types of collegiate sportsmanship. Hard, clean and fair were the three attributes that have always figured in his unusual skill, a great natural competitor at his best under heavy fire. Few in sport have ever known as perfect a competitive soul.

WALTER HAGEN, soon to face his first 1923 meeting with Sarazen in California, has turned his main attention again to winning the United States open. Hagen won in 1914 and again in 1919. After that he centered his main attention upon the British open, finishing fifty-fifth in 1921 and first in 1922, a remarkable upward jump in one year. It has been four years now since he led a home field in our main classic, the crown that Sarazen wears, and the stocky little titleholder will find Hagen one of the hardest opponents in the field to stop this coming campaign.

WILLIAM TILDEN, turf tennis champion, is too resourceful a player to let the loss of one finger break down his game. Other men with less mental resourcefulness have overcome greater handicaps in the past, and it is remarkable, in a way, how quickly physical disabilities can be overcome. "Miner" Brown turned the loss of two fingers on his pitching hand to an asset. One of the stars of the Princeton soccer team is one-armed, and there are many other examples along like lines. The persistent human who has both patience and brains is not often held back, no matter what the break against him.

TYRUS RAYMOND COBB can't go on forever, but no one could accuse him of slipping in his eighteenth big league season. Whether his batting mark for 1922 remains officially at .398 or .401, the figures are high enough to show the wonder of a man who, after eighteen driving years at top speed, always at top speed, still had enough left to keep moving at his best clip. Cobb may have lost just a trifle of his old speed, but the flame burning inside is as bright as ever. He may start slipping gradually or he may collapse some season in one majestic heap, for no one can quite figure out the ways of one so far removed from the ordinary athletic mold.

HOWARD JONES, the old Yale man coaching Iowa, has completed a record that few will equal. In these stirring days and times it is hard enough to go through one season unbeaten. Jones has now carried his team through two campaigns of complete success, and his triumphs, outside of strong Western Conference circles, included victories over Notre Dame in 1921 and Yale in 1922. Two football seasons without a defeat against powerful opposition is one of the greatest coaching records of the times.

BENNY LEONARD, after a good, healthy rest, will soon be ready to wade back into the thick of the carnage. Leonard has far greater luck than Dempsey. The lightweight king has in Tendler and White two worthy opponents, all ready and waiting for two big shows, where Dempsey is still scanning the horizon for a money-making challenger. Leonard, now listed among the veterans, will find it harder and harder to hold on, but he is still far from being any set-up for the best his division has to offer.

STANISLAUS ZBYSZKO, bordering on fifty, is still the strongest man in sport. In the way of sheer physical power he has no equal. Even at the age of forty-seven he was still strong enough to handle such a giant as "Strangler" Lewis, applying strength that not even the big, fast, powerful Lewis could meet. Zbyszko, in addition to being the world's strongest man, is also an exceptional musician, spending most of his spare time at operas, if there happen to be any in the neighborhood where the wrestling match is pitched. Zbyszko's body and arms and legs, after a half century of service, are still as hard and as sound as granite.

ED ROMMEL, of the Athletics, has never received the acclaim that belongs to him. Any pitcher who can win twenty-seven ball games with a seventh-place club is one of the marvels of the time. Umpire Billy Evans not only rates him as the best pitcher he has seen this season in baseball but also as one of the big stars of the last ten years. Rommel, with the Yankees or Browns, would have been good for at least thirty-five victories, a mark no pitcher has reached for many years. Rommel, playing with a team so far down the list, has missed the spotlight and the publicity that goes mainly with the winners or those somewhere in the whirl of the pennant hunt.

CORBETT ASKS IF WILLARD SEEKS FIGHT

Former Titleholder Is Still Challenging After He Declared He Was Through With the Game

By JAMES J. CORBETT.

(Copyright, 1922, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)
THE big question in sportdom just now is: "Does Jess Willard REALLY want to fight Jack Dempsey?" The one-time champion has announced his retirement so many times, then challenged so many more times and then denied that he wanted to battle again, that it is difficult to figure out just exactly what he wants to do.

Dempsey whipped the giant Kansan in Toledo. After that the big fellow had time to think everything over.

He declared: "I'm forever through with the ring. I have decided not to fight again. I went into the game not because I cared about fighting, but because I felt that I was big enough to win the championship from Johnson and restore the heavyweight title to the white race. I accomplished that purpose. I became champion—and now I am dethroned. All of which means that I am going to quit the ring for good and devote my future time to my business interests."

That's the way the matters stood for quite a few months. Then suddenly a report came that Willard had changed his mind and wanted to mix it with Dempsey. It was said that he felt that Dempsey had whipped him more on a fluke than through sheer superiority. He pointed out that he had not trained for the bout and gave off the impression that the bandages on Dempsey's hands had been "doctored."

CHANGED HIS MIND.

After a while, however, Willard changed his mind again and said that he wouldn't fight. But a short time afterward he again challenged Dempsey. Then everything was being "smoked up" nicely for a return battle. Willard jumped back into the shell of retirement. He suddenly reported that he had renewed his program of hurling defiance at Dempsey. This finally decided Dempsey that Willard actually wanted to fight him and Dempsey expressed a willingness to sign articles. Tex Rickard leaped at the chance and sent Willard a contract which would have guaranteed Willard something like \$60,000 for his end in such a fight.

But Willard never signed the articles. When everybody was wondering why he suddenly had become silent and the charge was made that he merely had been bluffing in his challenges, the news came out of Kansas that he had struck it rich in oil over night and was entirely too busy with his interests there to pay any further attention to fistclouting.

Quaker City Hears "By" Dickson Will Coach G. U. Team

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 22.—Byron W. Dickson, one of the greatest ends in the history of University of Pennsylvania football, is being considered for the post of head coach at Georgetown University, according to a well defined rumor heard here today.

Greasy Neale, the Cincinnati outfielder and coach of W. and J. for the past two seasons, is the second name that has been considered. Neale, however, is said unofficially to have given his word to Columbia, although he has not as yet signed a contract.

him again and stepped forth with a new challenge. No one paid much attention to it, and the possibility of a battle between the two men again faded into silence.

MOUNTED SOAPBOX.

A month ago Willard, out in Los Angeles, mounted a soapbox and publicly began hurling challenges in the direction of Dempsey through the medium of nightly meetings. This got him a lot of publicity, and Willard followed it up by the fervent statement that he actually and seriously and wholeheartedly yearned to tackle Dempsey again.

That's how the matter stands just now. Willard is still challenging—and Dempsey is still willing to fight him. But no promoter has stepped forward with an offer and the boys can't get together unless someone agrees to sign them up.

The promoters are rather indifferent to the possibility of this match, because they feel that Willard is bluffing, and even if he isn't bluffing, that such long inactivity has placed him in a condition where it will be utterly impossible for him to get back into shape to have a real chance against the man who conquered him more than three years ago.

Whether Willard ever fights Dempsey again depends largely upon Willard himself. If he can prove in fights with one or two of the men who are among formidable foes of Dempsey that he is even half as good as he claims he certainly will have no trouble in getting a promoter to offer large money for a return mixup with the champion.

But if Willard adheres to his present attitude of "I'll fight Dempsey or no one" it is doubtful whether he ever will get the opportunity, for the simple reason that not one man in a hundred thinks he is in fighting shape—or ever can get back to it—and what the public thinks is one thing which decides promoters in making matches.

Quite Some Boys In Challenging Game

Quite a few of our boys—Tom Gibbons, Gene Tunney, Floyd Johnson and others—are involved just now in a merry free-for-all challenging bee, so as to get Harry Greb first.

There's a reason. And that is, they've all got it figured out that whatever the Pittsburgher might have been, he isn't any more. They think he's scooted downward from the pinnacle that once knew the tread of his hoofs.

Which is probably true. Greb is the type of fighter who thrives on activity. Permitted to idle, he goes to seed. He has been idling for several months. Worries over a sick wife, suspension by the New York Athletic Commission and finally a break with his manager have beset him. All have hurt.

But loafing has hurt most of all. So the boys have it reckoned out that Greb has lost some of his virility, his speed and much of his

once inexhaustible energy. Everybody, therefore, wants to fight him and gain fame and perhaps the light heavyweight championship by whipping him.

Maybe Greb will fool 'em, but the guess is that Greb has started down from the peak and never again will be the formidable bloke which once he was.

HE ERRED OFTENEST

Eddie Ainsmith, for years a Washington catcher, had more fielding errors than any other catcher in the National League last season. Twenty times was he credited with misplays as a member of the St. Louis Cardinals.

BENNY VALGER SIGNS.

Benny Valger, French lightweight, who has been raising havoc with the Western fighters, has been signed to try conclusions with Teddy Marchant, the English brawler, in a ten-round no-decision bout at Detroit next Friday evening.

Pat Moran Well Set For Coming Season

Pat Moran has proved he is no one year manager or a team wrecker by what he accomplished in Cincinnati last season and the one before. The foundation was laid when Sam Bohne, Bubbles Hargrave, Louie Fonseca and Pete Donohue were picked up last year.

Donohue, now the most difficult pitcher in the league to defeat, was taken right from Texas Christian University, to which he returned this fall as a sophomore. Fonseca was snatched off the lots of Utah. Bohne came from the Pacific Coast League, and Hargrave from the American Association. These chaps all made good last year, and to them this year were added George Harper, Western League outfielder; Jimmy Caveney and Babe Pinelli, Coast League infielders; Johnny Couch, Coast League pitcher, and Cactus Keck, Western Association hurler.

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